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[Adams, James C. [?]]

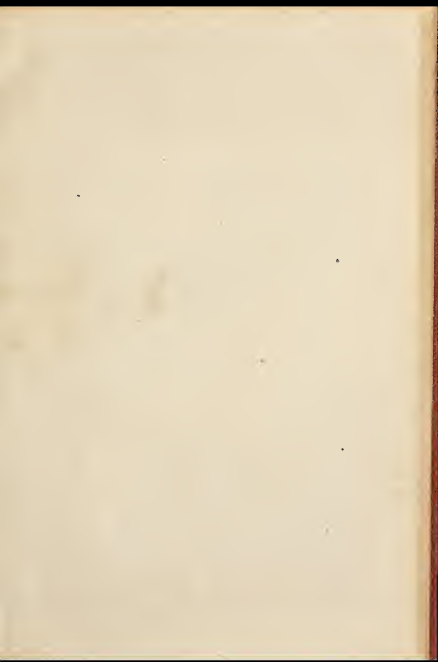
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15









THE
HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES
AND
ADVENTURES OF "GRIZZLY ADAMS,"
IN
CATCHING AND CONQUERING THE WILD
ANIMALS INCLUDED IN HIS CALI-
FORNIA MENAGERIE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

PREFACE.

As THE collection of wild animals with which my name has been so intimately identified has excited the curiosity of thousands, and may yet excite that of thousands more, I have thought that a brief and honest history of the original capture and training, by myself, of each of the leading "critters" in the exhibition might be of interest to the observer. This is my reason for relating the following incidents; and I narrate in these pages the truth without exaggeration or embellishment, as I am indifferent to idle notoriety. I flatter myself that I am too well known among the hunters of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada to need boasting upon my part, and the admiration of those who, not being hunters, can not appreciate the perils of a wild beast pursuit in the wilderness, could scarcely afford much gratification to a man like myself. So much for a preface.

THE TOUGHEST ANIMAL OF THEM ALL.

To begin with the hardest animal in the collection, let me say that my name is James C. Adams, and that I am variously known throughout this country (of which, thank God! I am a native) as "Old Grizzly," as "Old Adams, the Hunter;" though by some I am irreverently called "The Wild Yankee." My father and mother emigrated, in their earlier days, to what has since been well known as the "disputed territory," near the Aroostook river, and now in the State of Maine. It is emphatically the spot, away "down East," of which it used to be popularly said the inhabitants had a solemn duty to perform for the rest of the American world, in winding up the sun every morning with a windlass. That my parents ever assisted, to my knowledge, in that laudable effort I am not prepared to state, and the Aroostook certainly gave me, personally, other "fish to fry," from the moment I was capable of doing justice to my muscles and sinews.

BORN UNDER A PINE-TREE.

I was horn under a great pine-tree, while my father was felling the timber and building a log-hut for the reception of my mother. This, to me, rather important incident (I mean of birth), occurred in the month of May, 1805. My mother was accustomed to allude to that pine-tree for many years afterwards; and often has she prophesied of me, as I lay in my rude cradle, playing with my toes, that I would, from the very circumstances of my birth, be in love with a wild life, and find happiness only away from the haunts and vestiges of civilization.

CAUGHT THE GOLD FEVER AND "BUSTED."

It was in 1848 that I caught the gold fever. It afflicted me very severely. No species of stay-at-home advice did me any good whatever—I couldn't get rid of the malady by any other means in the world; so I departed for California. I arrived there in the fall of

1849, and went to the mines. I was not indolent, I assure you. I mined, myself, in the vicinity of Sonora, and employed others to mine, having upwards of sixty persons, occasionally, engaged in my assistance. I not only mined, but I kept a grocery store and a boarding-house at the same time, and was, of course, highly successful. For four years I labored diligently in that fashion ; but, at the end of that time, notwithstanding all my profits, I found myself without a cent. I was "dead broke." The lawyers and the judges, in the course of certain differences and settlements between us, contrived to rob me of every thing I possessed. They left me with nothing but a light heart, and a very picturesque pair of the other things ; a couple of old oxen who couldn't rise when they lay down, unless I lifted them by the tail ; a wagon that wouldn't hold together if I didn't soak it for a week ; and a good Kentucky rifle which seldom missed its aim, and always left its mark on any thing it was necessary to put in as evidence.

TURNED HUNTER AND TRAPPER.

With my rifle, wagon, and oxen, not omitting a small supply of provisions and ammunition, I departed for the mountains. Disgusted with the companionship of my fellow-creatures, and heartily sick of everything like the hypocrisy of social being, I turned my back, like Leather Jack, on the white settlements, and never rested until I had gone 150 miles into the Sierra Nevada, and at least 50 miles beyond the sound of a human voice. Then I felt happy. Like Alexander Selkirk I was monarch of all I surveyed, and I had no treacherous lips near me to betray my confidence; no deceitful heart to take advantage of my unsuspectingness in order to defraud me. There, in that lonely wilderness, at the head-waters of the South Fork of the Tinco, with none but wild beasts for companions, I built myself a log-hut, and pitched my winter camp. The snows were frequent and deep; the weather was

intensely cold ; the spot was cheerless enough, but timber was abundant, and a rousing good fire, therefore, no novelty. Besides this, hunting and trapping gave me constant employment, kept my mind from dwelling on the past, and provided me with hides, oil, tallow, etc., for a spring market, as well as meat for food, and warm furs for wear.

TRAPS FOUR LIVE GRIZZLIES.

I was successful that winter in trapping four grizzly bears, besides deer, wolves, beavers, rabbits, minks, etc., whose skins are valuable, without number. In the mean time, however, I discovered, like Adam in the garden of Eden, that "It is not good for man to be alone ;" and, although I wanted neither male nor female society, I lacked, occasionally, an active assistant. I could not conveniently do two things at once, or be in two distinct places at the same time ; and yet, just that kind of double action it required sometimes, to secure that mastery over the wild animals about me that I desired, and without it I could never be confident of realizing, as a hunter, all my sanguine expectations. While meditating on this fact, fortune threw into my way a tribe of Towalamie Indians, and amongst them were a couple of sinewy, intelligent youths, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, to whose appearance I took a great liking, and whose services I determined to secure. A bargain was easily effected, and they consented, on reasonable terms, to remain with me at least for that winter. This made my wilderness home complete. I felt that I could leave it under their protection while I temporarily absented myself to dispose of my furs, tallow, etc., not omitting my grizzly bears.

Having pretty well trained my four grizzlies—that is to say, having subdued them and rendered them comparatively docile and obedient, my next thought was how to make money by their exhibition. I soon hit upon an expedient. Conveying one of the finest

of the animals down to Mariposa, I fought him handsomely in public, and not only gained considerable notoriety, but netted about \$800. The other three grizzlies I agreed to deliver, at Stockton, to two gentlemen, named McSheer and Robinson, who proposed to take them to Golina, South America, to exhibit and fight them there, and pay me one-half the proceeds. The next difficulty was to get the three bears to Stockton, for teams were scarce and expensive, and roads in the mountains were yet unmanufactured. However, I finally accomplished it: I hired teamsters at a ranche, and not only delivered my bears at Stockton, but disposed of my hides for about three hundred dollars. As it took every dollar I possessed to get the grizzlies to their place of destination, then I was, again, once more penniless.

I returned to my camp and log-cabin, but, this time, a little more inclined to human companionship. On the route I fell in with a hunter named, I think, Saxon, but commonly known as Saxey. He was a Texan—a brave, athletic, good-hearted man, and expert at his business. Journeying together, he narrated, in a very interesting way, his exciting adventures among the wild beasts of Oregon, Washington Territory, and the great Northern Wilds. He assured me that enormous grizzly bears, black and white wolves, deer, etc., were very numerous in that region. In short, he so inflamed my imagination, and painted so inviting a picture, that I at once made an arrangement to accompany him to that paradise of a wilderness, and equally share the product of our labor. When I got to my camp, therefore, I broke up all my permanent settlement there; re-engaged the two young Indians; traded off with a Mr. Howard, who owned a ranche down on the Mercedes river, my pair of oxen for a span of mules, and collected my traps together for another pilgrimage.

GOES TO OREGON AND WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

It was a beautiful morning in April when Saxey,

the boys, and myself, with my faithful dog and rifle, the wagon and the mules, set our faces towards the North, and made tracks for Oregon. It did not take us long to learn, though, that harness for oxen was no harness for mules. That was lesson number one. So I built an original harness of elk-skin, in its green state ; and finding it too rough and hard for the animals' skin, I covered the fresh harness all over with tanned buckskin. This done, away we started, turning and twisting our devious path through the Sierra Nevada. We did not neglect to kill game as we proceeded over the mountains, and the sport was both excellent and continuous. In this manner we consumed four weeks in reaching Columbia river. We then passed through Oregon and entered Washington Territory. Here we speedily selected an advantageous location, and, pitching our tent, prepared for a regular hunt for the season.

ENCOUNTERS AN OLD SHE BEAR AND HER CUBS.

Several days passed away without an occurrence of special importance, until, one fine morning, I accidentally ran afoul of an old she bear. She had, in company with her two cubs, or young bears, about a year and a half old. I need not say that a lady-bear, and a grizzly at that, is one of the most unamiable creatures, under such circumstances, that a bold man would care to encounter. She evidently labors under the impression that everything human she meets casts a covetous eye upon her jewels—the cubs aforesaid ; and I am not prepared to say but that she has excellent reasons for her suspicions. My feeling in that direction was unmistakable, and Mrs. Grizzly appeared to comprehend it as plainly as if I had communicated it to her in the choicest language out of the Bruin dictionary. The affectionate looks we bestowed upon each other at that accidental meeting, when she had just taken her little ones out for a nice family walk, may be imagined.

I was quite alone. In fact, when I go hunting grizzly bears I prefer to do it alone. With such dangerous beasts, who make short work of the ablest hunter if they once get hold of him, the safety of "number one" is just about as much as I find I have leisure to look after. A faltering of the heart—a quivering of the finger—a vibration of the rifle—a shot in a non-vital part of the animal instead of the heart, so as to enrage and not disable her—all these are possible things at any time ; and when they occur heaven help "number two," for "number one" will have his hands full, and the grizzly is not particular as to whether she kills one or a dozen men for dinner when she goes marketing in such a state of excitement. She is bound to have, if she can get it, a "little cold missionary" on the sideboard as a lunch for her cubs, for sometime after such an interesting adventure.

Well, Mrs. Bruin took an amazingly good sight of me the moment we met, and, you may depend upon it, I took a speedy one at her ; but I did it as a matter of taste, over my rifle barrel ; I went one eye on her ladyship's bust, as the readiest mode of touching her heart with my attentions. She was evidently not much prepossessed in my favor. Like the watch-dog in the song, she

—"takes me for a thief, d'y'e see,"

and made ready to treat me accordingly. But I proposed to have a voice in that matter. So, "pop" went my rifle, and never did I make a better shot. Her ladyship dropped herself, instead of a courtesy. She was not dead, however ; and as she was a monster in size and force, I did not think it judicious to attempt any greater degree of intimacy with her until I had presented her with two more tokens of my regard. I then endeavored to catch the cubs. They were just what I much wanted to possess alive ; so I tried to lasso instead of shooting them ; I could not effect it though, notwithstanding I labored hard at it all that

day. But I knew that the affectionate little fellows would not be able to leave the vicinity of their mother's body, so I left them to cry and weep over it, after the fashion of a grizzly wake, and I returned to camp.

BEAR CAUGHT WITH A LASSO.

The next day I sought out an Indian *ranchero*, and, taking the Indian boys with me as interpreters, I made out to hire a good lasso horse, for a horse must be specially trained to the use of a rider who is a lassoist, and mules are out of the question in such a business. The cubs continued to moan around their mother night and day, just like broken-hearted children. It was really touching to hear their wails and witness such a spectacle of honest sorrow. This hurried me up in my preparations to end it by capturing them. It was the third day after the shot that I set out, with Saxe and the Indian boys, the lasso-horse and mules for the purpose. We chased the cubs at once. Being on the fastest animal, I soon left my companions behind, in pursuit of one cub, while I, lasso in hand, followed up the other. From fifteen to twenty different times I threw the lasso and entangled the little brute; but, on every occasion, she contrived to throw off the noose with her paw. Finally, after a chase of nearly four miles, I enabled the lasso to hold firmly, caught it around her neck, and drew it tightly. As my horse was a capital one, I now felt sure of my prize, and was resolved, in my excitement, to secure it, dead or alive. I put spurs, therefore, to my beast, and ran the cub and dragged her until the breath was almost exhausted from her body. Then suddenly leaping from my steed, which, fully comprehending the nature of a lasso, carefully keeping the rope from slacking upon the neck of the bear, I speedily slipped a noose over her nose and ears, and drew it tight. The next thing was to secure her feet while she was yet insensible: leather strings, of green hide covered with buckskin, soon accomplished this business with the fore-legs; but,

before I could achieve the same feat with the hind ones, the animal began to revive, and in doing so seemed to awaken to a full realization of her awkward position. Then came a wearisome struggle; she was determined not to become a captive, and I was equally determined that she should. But, although the noose slacked in the contest, I had securely tied one pair of feet, which gave me the advantage, and ultimately enabled me to get a noose over the other pair, and thus render the little creature powerless.

When I discovered that my prize was completely in my power, I left it lying in its bonds, until I procured assistance to remove it from the spot. The other party, it appeared, being unable to lasso the cub of which they were in pursuit, had terminated the hunt by shooting it. We all returned, therefore, to the camp together. There I procured the hide of a large elk, on which to convey, if possible, the living cub I had secured myself. Hitching a span of mules to the elk-hide, away we went. Arrived at the spot where I had left my bear, I found her still there, and as helpless as when I departed. It was no difficult thing to roll her over on to the elk-hide, and attach her to it in such a manner that she could not roll off. This done, we gave the little animal, who really weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds, a handsome ride of a mile and a half down to camp. I had a proper strap and bear-chain there, nicely adapted to such a purpose; so the strap was speedily placed around the cub's neck, and her foot was chained fast to a great pine-tree, leaving her a very small chance of obtaining liberty. Cutting the strings from her legs, and removing the noose from her nose and ears, I permitted her once more to spring to her feet; and she did it with a fierce and savage violence that was surprising. But the chain held her in "durance vile," despite all her prodigious efforts to obtain her freedom, and after she had completely exhausted herself in fruitless exertions, she succumbed to her destiny in sheer despair.

TRAINS LADY WASHINGTON.

I continued to hunt from morning till night, and day after day, resting, however, at noon, which period I devoted to training my cub, which I had christened, by this time, Lady Washington, because I captured her when in Washington Territory. She is now one of the bears on exhibition in this collection, and as such I have been particular in detailing her early history, and in giving a minute account of our first acquaintance. In the same maner I intend, in these pages, to familiarize the reader with the curious antecedents of the other more important animals composing the menagerie. Lady Washington was excessively "ugly," as we hunters term it; that is, she was cross and perverse, as well as inclined to have her own way under all circumstances. You may observe how amiable she is at present, and fancy the amount of patient training necessary to bring her to a full conviction of the folly of her ways, and the wisdom of accepting my advice and following my instructions. The fact is, I fell in love with the cub because she *was* so ill-natured. I felt a species of delight in subduing, little by little, a will so resolute, and a temper so obstinate. I had my reward, besides, in my confidence of success.

SLAYS A BLACK HYENA BEAR, AND SECURES HER CUBS.

After the capture of Lady Washington, I was fortunate enough to catch a number of other bears, but without meeting with any incident of moment. At length, however, I encountered what is known as a hyena black bear. It was a female of considerable size and formidable appearance, and she was accompanied by a pair of cubs of the smallest proportions. They certainly were not larger than a common house-cat. They caught my fancy at once, and I concluded that they were to become my property. It was very clear, though, that the mother of them was in no disposition to assent to such a transfer. I was satisfied

that she had personal objections of the toughest nature, and did not think it safe to argue the question with her too closely. I preferred reasoning at a distance. The only work of logic with which I was intimate was, I confess, my rifle ; but it was a very convincing one when a bear became my disputant, and it had a way of making its syllogisms tell with an effect that left nothing but a foregone conclusion. In the present instance, therefore, I assumed my premises, and discharged my observations at the mother-bear. It required four different shots to persuade her to become a quiet spectator of my movements as a kidnapper of her cubs. Every shot passed through either her heart or liver. I had a right to conclude, by that time, that she was past all opposition ; but such was the pertinacity with which she clung to life for her young ones' sake, she refused to exhibit the first sign of giving up the ghost, until the fourth leaden messenger had left her without an alternative.

You may suppose that I promptly chased down the little cubs in the chaparral. They were dear little fellows ! and had not yet got their teeth. Nature had not had time to attend to their dental operations. They were perfectly harmless, therefore, and incapable of doing mischief, even if they had the instinct. To make "assurance doubly sure," I tied up their little legs, and placed them in my saddle-bags. You may wonder, perhaps, how I procured saddle-bags in the wilderness. But I didn't procure them. As usual, I turned manufacturer, and supplied myself. Of course, they were made of the only material at command, which was green elk-skin. I constructed them with some pains, and gave them the customary shape of Yankee saddle-bags, except that they were square, and had a lid to close them up. Into these saddle-bags I popped my tiny treasures ; rendered them as comfortable as the emergency would permit ; shouldered my rifle again, after prudently re-loading

it for fear of an accident, and once more started for home. As my mule was along with me, you may conjecture that he bore the saddle-bags and their contents. More than this, I packed on him as much of the meat of the deceased mother-bear as I needed for immediate objects. This all settled to my satisfaction, I turned my face towards camp, the cubs yelling and squalling from the saddle-bags, until they filled the forest with their discordant music. They would not be quieted. No amount of coaxing or threatening could silence their vicious tongues ; and I was anxious to silence them, for I had no idea how far their worthy papa had wandered that morning for provisions. The cry of an infant bear stirs up the affections of its parents fully as much as the wail of a child will bring its natural protector to its side, and I had no special wish at that moment for an introduction to Mr. Bruin.

THE CUBS CALL THEIR PAPA, AND HE "KNOCKS UNDER"
TO ADAMS' RIFLE.

Fate was against me this time. I had not proceeded very far before the squealing of the bear-babies had its effects. Their disturbed papa soon made his appearance, and if ever honest indignation was written upon the face of a bear, it was legible in his. If it had been painted in letters a yard long, like some of the dashing signs in Broadway, I could not have read it more distinctly, and it threatened, I don't know what, very clearly. To say that he intuitively understood the position of affairs would only be to give my instant conclusion from a glance at his countenance, and that he had promptly made up his mind to bestow on me a valuable lesson for my temerity would simply be stating the undoubted fact. But, while he was pursuing me, and probably meditating whether he should swallow me whole or eat me piecemeal, I hit on a device that gave him very different employment. I called up my dog (she was a superior hunter), and told her to "take" the bear. She understood me, and rushing

at him, commenced to play around him, to divert him from myself, and keep him at bay. This embarrassed him ; and, taking advantage of his embarrassment, I fired at him with fatal effect. A few more shots gave him his *quietus*, when I left his body where it dropped, with the intention of returning for it the next day. In the mean time I conveyed the little cubs safely home ; I mixed flour and water, which I sweetened with sugar, and gave them for food, and I had the satisfaction of seeing them thrive upon it abundantly.

I continued to hunt along with my companions, and was charmed with the prosperity with which we were favored. Wild beasts were numerous, and we took them day after day with unvarying certainty, escaping all personal injury. Our store of oil and tallow rapidly accumulated. Our bales of hides increased in size, and became more and more numerous. We felt that we were growing comparatively rich, and by honest labor. Our rude cabin was, to us, a warehouse of precious merchandise, to be converted at no distant day into cash ; and as we gazed at the swelling monuments of our industry, when taking a rest, we could almost fancy we saw the dollars leaking from the heaps before us, and tempting us to dream of banks and bankers. All this was, of course, in our more imaginative times ; for you must not suppose that hunters are utterly devoid of imagination because they witness so much of the sterner realities of existence. We are sometimes as romantic as we are determined.

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

About this time another adventure occurred, which came near being fatal to my companion, Saxey, and I relate it as one of the common hair-breadth escapes to which the backwoodsman and the pioneer are subjected. It may inform, as well as interest, the general reader. We had started another hyena black bear, who was out *en promenade* with her two little ones.

After the usual preliminaries, Saxey fired and wounded the large bear. Unfortunately, the wound was not sufficiently serious to deter her from making a good use of her legs ; but, instead of running away, she turned the tables on her injurer, and pursued Saxey. Hunting a bear is one thing, but *being hunted* by a bear is something which don't belong to the same category. Saxey was clearly of this opinion, and consequently undertook to play the racer. He darted off at a full 2.40 pace, and did wonders ; but accident placed a felled tree in his path, and he went over in a shape that is not considered the most conducive to speed—that is, he tumbled over it. He was active enough in gathering himself up again, for he was well aware that Bruin would not stop to indulge in sympathy ; but, before he could get upon his feet, the bear not only imitated his example, by rolling over the obstacle, but she rolled over *him*. He was a frightened man at that juncture you may be confident. The bear was now too near for him to escape her clutches, and in quickness of motion he could not expect to begin with her. Besides this she was exasperated by her wound, and her little ones now looking on mutely soliciting vengeance. Poor Saxey ! if ever he thought of death, he did then, as the bear rose on her legs, opened her forepaws to embrace him in a mortal hug, gave a terrific roar that showed a frightful set of teeth, and glared on him like a fiend dressed up in fur. But, just as she rose, and lifting her paws exposed her breast, I got my rifle to bear upon her heart, and instead of hugging Saxey she hugged mother earth. Saxey was not injured in the least, but he was terrified, as well he might be, at such a narrow escape from merciless mutilation. We succeeded afterwards in catching one of the cubs, but the other escaped. It was a tolerably good lump of a fellow that we secured, and fastening it to the centre of a rope, Saxey and I led the young bear home, each keeping the animal at a respectful distance from the other.

Two or three weeks after this adventure, we concluded to pull up stakes and start for home, as we had pretty well used up the season, and, having been diligent, had as much tallow, oil, etc., and as many skins as we could conveniently manage, in addition to the little bears. It was at this time that I judged it best to name all the latter, and I called the first one General Washington, in honor of the Territory in which he had been caught. The second one I called Buchanan, and not after the President, but after a famous old hunter, who bore that title. He lived in that neighborhood, and he fancied that it would be something agreeable to stand godfather to the cub, and I yielded to his wish. Both of these bears are in the collection.

It was now the end of September, and time to go back to winter quarters. As I said before, we gathered together all our party and all our merchandise, and departed (putting the two black cubs in the wagon, and leading the other one attached by a chain to the wagon) for the old camp at the head-waters of the Towalamie, where we purposed to spend the winter. We hunted and sported all the way back, killing enough to find us and the brutes we had with us in provisions, and arrived at camp in October, 1853. We fixed up the old spot pretty comfortably, and passed the cold season in a highly agreeable manner. We could not remain idle—of course we hunted continually for wild beasts, and we added largely to our store of skins, &c., before the spring came in. Another adventure happened at this time, which is worth relating.

A DEN OF BEARS.

While hunting one day, I thought I detected what might be the den of a grizzly bear. I scrutinized the vicinity, and by the disturbed ground and the character of the tracks, I felt confident I could not be mistaken. I judged, too, that it was a bear with cubs that inhabited the den. I posted to the camp, and ac-

quainted Saxey with my suspicions, asking him to assist in killing the mother, and procuring the cubs. he revolved the matter over in his mind and then begged to be excused. He was not partial to encountering a grizzly bear in presence of her family, and within her own castle. He was decidedly of opinion that the speculation would not "pay." His ideas on the subject of bears led him to think that he had seen one as closely as it was wholesome to approach such an animal, and he felt no wish to put my rifle aim to another test as a guarantee of his safety. He preferred to go hunting for other animals, and leave to me all the glory to be gained in grizzly-bear experiments. I was satisfied. As I said once before, I prefer on such occasions to have none to look out for except myself; Saxey, therefore, departed his road on a hunt, and I on mine. First, I collected provisions enough for myself to last three or four days; for I had come to the conclusion not to return without the cubs, and it is possible that I might be called upon to exercise a great deal of patience before I could get possession of them.

I proceeded directly to the bear's den, and, after viewing it cautiously all round, at once laid my plan. It is the custom of grizzly bears, when they have young, to remain in close concealment with the cubs nearly all day, and just before sunset to commence ranging the wilderness for food. In this business they are usually engaged the whole night, returning a little in advance of sunrise. Taking advantage of this habit, I acted accordingly. I sought out a position for myself, in which I could command a full view of the mouth of the den, and yet be hidden from the eyes of its emerging occupant. This position, after much delay, I was able to secure, and making myself as comfortable as I could in it, there I sat, and patiently watched all that night. But no bear came in sight. Perhaps she was in, I thought; or perhaps one of her cubs was. At any rate it was not probable that she

would remain housed for two nights in succession; so I prepared to maintain my vigilance. The second night, to my great satisfaction, I observed her make her appearance at the mouth of the cave—for I omitted to say that the den was a cave, which evidently penetrated the earth to a considerable distance, and thus made a capital retreat for the bear. Mr. Bruin had a keen pair of nostrils. I was, perhaps, a hundred yards distant, and concealed above her in the brushwood, when she advanced out into the open, and smelt my presence. My walks about the environs of the cave in reconnoitering had, no doubt, left the scent upon track, and she at once perceived that she was not alone—that her solitude had been invaded. I had a full view of her; but, before I could get my rifle to bear upon her, she dodged back and retired.

DESPERATE AND FEARFUL STRUGGLE WITH A BEAR.

As these disappointments only increased my resolution, and I was confident the animal could not go much longer without food, I continued to watch all that day and the third night. But, I considered it prudent to change my position, lest she might be able to ascertain by her eyes, as well as by her nose, that she had my company. I shifted my ambush out of sight of the mouth of the cave, but in a good line with the track to it, and thus was fortunate; for, on that day, while the sun was yet half an hour high, the bear presented herself in full sight. She rose up on her feet when she got out, and snuffed the air diligently all round as though still distrustful that something which meditated mischief was afloat. She twisted and twined in all directions in her doubt, and this gave me an admirable opportunity for a deadly shot. The moment I had a fair aim at her heart I discharged my piece. The ball passed in back of her foreshoulder, and, as I afterwards discovered, went directly through her heart. She fell, and taking it for granted that she must be dead, I drew my bowie knife and rushed upon her, in

order to lose no time in seeking for the cubs. When I reached her she looked dead enough ; but I thought I might just as well make sure of it, as an enemy in the rear, when I should get into the cave, would be exceedingly troublesome. I popped my knife, therefore, as a matter of form, into her throat ; but, good heavens ! only fancy my astonishment when, as the cold steel penetrated her skin, she leaped up and grabbed me by the legs with her huge paws ! This was a contingency I had by no means counted upon. It was a performance distinctly *not* "set down in the bills." A desperately wounded bear is about as unattractive an acquaintance as the wild forest can show, and one that stands as little on trifles. And yet I was in just such a party's grasp. It was an appalling thought !—but I had not much time to think, for it was obviously a death-struggle for one or both of us ; and as her horrible teeth met in my flesh, the exquisite pain left me nothing but an instinctive sense of the necessity for prompt action. We were both down upon the ground together now. Her teeth and claws were both at work. I was desperately struggling to get my arms free for offensive measures, but, growing exhausted with my loss of blood, was not, at first, successful. At length I twisted myself around under neath her, and catching her, with my left hand, by the great goatee which hung under her mouth, while I plunged my knife into her heart with my right, and worked it briskly round to insure its fatal operation. Her jaws opened ; her claws relaxed her hold ; and after one or two more spasmodic endeavors to mutilate me, she rolled over and expired.

This time there was no mistake about her spirit's departure ; and as I tried to rise upon my feet, I felt grateful to Providence that mine had not departed, also. I conceived that I had a right to congratulate myself on winning a great battle. I was mangled—in fact, I was partially crippled. I had lost a great deal of blood, and was proportionately weak ; but I

was worth twenty dead men yet, and the cubs, I was aware, must be in the cave, expecting my attentions.

A SECOND EDITION OF "OLD PUT" IN THE BEAR'S DEN.

I bound up my wounds, therefore, in the best manner I could under the circumstances, and then took a rest. This effected, I summoned my remaining strength and determination to my aid, grasped my bowie-knife in my hand, and going down upon my hands and knees, began to grope my way in towards the den. I soon discovered that it was too dark in the cave to make any safe progress in that manner. I was not certain that the father of the cubs might not be within, anticipating my visit, and prepared to receive me with affectionate embraces; and as his eyes, in the dark, were nicely fitted to perceive and welcome his guest, long before mine would enabled me to judge of his presence, I had additional reasons for circumspection. I beat a hasty retreat into the open air, and getting up some "fat" pine-tree limbs, I converted them into torches. Thus provided, I re-entered the cave with plenty of light. Knife in one hand, and a blazing flambeau in the other, I fairly dragged my lacerated legs and weary body along the floor of the cave, examining the spot cautiously, as well as attentively, in my slow progress. My heart panted quite as much with alarm as with interest. I will acknowledge it, I was really full of fear. It was a long distance underground. I had no assistance to expect. I was miles away from the camp, and intruding upon the premises of the enemy. I was creeping towards his very bed, and considering the nature of the locality, my ignorance of its openings, its nature, and extent—considering my weak and disabled condition, and the chance of encountering a disturbed grizzly fresh from repose in his own lair—it was not remarkable that I should entertain an overpowering sense of danger, and indulge in a few thrilling apprehensions as to the result. But I had gone entirely too far to recede, and creeping on—creeping

stealthily on—when I had penetrated a distance of perhaps twenty or thirty yards, I beheld, to my intense delight, the bear's nest. It contained two dear little fellows fast asleep, and there were no appearances whatever of their indulgent papa. The cubs were no larger than wharf rats, and had not yet gotten their eyes open, but lay snuggled up together, all unconscious of what was going around them, and innocent of every thought of mischief. I put them into my bosom, and then looked around the den. It was, I should think, from four to six feet wide, and from six to eight feet in height; but how far the subterranean chamber extended, I had no disposition to inquire. I had achieved my purpose. The cubs were in my power. I was in pain with my wounds, tired in my gallant struggle with the bear, and had enjoyed no sleep for two or three nights. My only wish at that moment was to hasten home, exhibit with exultation my little trophies of war, attend to my wounds, throw myself on my bed, and sleep till I had recovered my natural strength and energy. But, scrambling out of the cave, no king upon his throne could have felt prouder than I did. No millionaire could have contemplated his property with more secret joy than I did those little creatures in my bosom!—for they were the youngest and handsomest infants of the kind I had ever seen. They had no teeth yet; had scarcely any hair on them; they were so helpless and so confiding! So away I went to the camp feeling as large as any Gulliver, with the Brobdignag cubs close to my heart!

Arrived at the camp, I told the whole story to Saxey and the Indian boys, but they laughed at it as a gross invention. Saxey, in short, said I was a—well, no matter what—but he used a very strong expression not often met with in the good Christian's vocabulary, and implying a generous sense of my ability to manufacture an exciting tale without being too particular to put all the facts in it on their affidavit. However, there were the cubs. There was no getting

over that little circumstance. The next day, too, when I escorted them to the spot, there was the bear, and there were all the evidences of the fearful struggle between us. When we lit pine torches and entered the cave, there was still the cubs' bed, and the marks of my depredation. This left them no chance to doubt any longer, and they confessed that I had a right to feel elated. As Saxey and I were equal partners in these hunting expeditions, I gave him one of the cubs and retained the other myself, naming mine, at the same time, Ben Franklin.

THE INFANT BEAR, "BEN FRANKLIN," BROUGHT UP BY A DOG.

How to rear the little Ben was the next question. He was entirely too young to bring him up by hand, and how bring him up otherwise? I hit upon a capital expedient. My dog had just presented me with a litter of pups. I knocked them all in the head except one, and gave her the two cubs instead. She adopted them, without hesitation, as her own, and no man had ever more reason than I to be thankful, some years afterwards, for the circumstance. For Ben Franklin, brought up by the dog, grew into many of her habits, and learned to hunt in company with her. It was on one of these occasions that, being closely pursued by a bear, I was almost killed, and probably should have been murdered outright, had it not been for Ben Franklin's exertions. He attacked the bear, in my defense, with a ferocity and effect that completely turned the scale of victory in my favor. The whole account of that stirring adventure will be found, however, in the second part of these hasty memoirs (nearly ready), and it will be found not the least interesting portion of its pages.

When the spring came in, I got ready for a tramp in the Rocky Mountains. It was the latter part of March when we set out, and the snow was so deep that we had serious difficulty in getting through the Sierra Nevadas. It was only accomplished after much toil and suffering. But we reached Carson Val-

ley at last in safety, and then, looking about us, we continued our way to Bear River, where we pitched our tent for a summer's hunt. Our purpose this time was to kill game for the emigrants coming in, as they were becoming numerous, and advancing that far on their journey would be short of food. We also proposed to capture, if we could, a few wild beasts.

We hunted all that summer through, my dog taking the cub Ben. Franklin regularly with him and teaching him to conduct himself like a *bona-fide* hunter. We had nearly closed our work for the season, when I experienced another bear *rencontre* that approached rather closely to perilous.

ANOTHER HAND TO HAND STRUGGLE WITH A BEAR.

It was a beautiful morning in September, and Saxey had gone on his last day's expedition, so that I was once more on the bear-track alone. I had long wanted to have a Rocky Mountain grizzly, and to have it alive. I had killed several, but I wanted one to bring up and train. In this mood I heard, while walking along, the bark of two cubs in the brush-wood. I stopped and listened. I could not be mistaken. Here was the very opportunity before me for which I yearned. How providential! But no time was to be lost. So I crept carefully through the brush until I approached where they lay. Treading very softly that I might not excite their fears, I suddenly sprang upon and nabbed them by the ears. They were very small, and I deposited them for safe keeping in my bosom. The little wretches yelled and squalld though, very viciously. They could not have behaved more ungratefully had I put them in a basket. However, I started off with a rapid step, chuckling over the singular ease with which I had consummated my earnest wish, and only paused when I heard the mother-bear, excited by the cry of her babes, bounding through the brush. It was clear that I was not to get off so cleverly as I expected. Here was another bear-fight improvised for my attention, and

fight it must be. I threw my rifle off my shoulder, and got ready for the emergency. I was none too quick, for she leaped at me without warning. As she did, I fired ; but I was just a little frightened at the moment ; this made my hand unsteady, and instead of putting a bullet in her heart, it put it where she expected to put some of my body, viz., in her stomach. She was upon me in an instant, roaring in her anger, and maddened with her pain. The next instant she had thrown me upon the earth, face downwards. As she planted her teeth in me, I turned, and taking my old and favorite hold with bears, I caught her by the goatee with one hand, and made my knife feel its way to her bosom with the other. She bit me severely in the back, arms, and legs ; but while she was lacerating my limbs, my weapon was letting out her life blood, and she soon fell over dead. In this struggle with the mother-bear, one of the cubs in my bosom got crushed to death. The other one is here, in my collection ; and to please a lively young actress whom I met in California (Miss Gougenheim), I named it, at her request, Funny Joe.

THE TAKING OF SAMSON.

This hunt closed my season's business in the Rocky Mountains, and, packing up, we all returned to our settlement on the Towalima river, for one month's repose. We arrived there in October ; but I found it impossible to enjoy quietude. I courted excitement. I yearned to be up and doing something daring around the wilder portions of creation. My blood grew stagnant when no agitating adventures stirred it into unusual activity. Imagine, then, the pleasure with which I recalled the fact, that, the winter before, I had entered what I fancied was the ranging-ground of a bear of most enormous proportions. *This* winter, thought I, colossal as he may be, he shall be my prize. I did not wish to kill him for his hide, tallow, and meat. If he was an animal of the magnitude I suspected, he was too superb a creature for such a sacri-

face. I wanted him alive—I wanted him for exhibition—I wanted to show him as a monster specimen of such of his species as inhabited that quarter of America.

It was too soon to attempt anything of the kind yet ; I hunted round the vicinity, therefore, high up the south fork of the head-waters of the Towalima, and between that and the Mercedes river, until I had found his den and sufficiently marked the routes he traveled : his home was in a deep *canon*, not very tempting for exploration ; it was amid a dark and dismal-looking collection of the wildest scenery, overgrown in all directions by almost impenetrable brush, and full of chaparral. But, after viewing it from every quarter, and calculating all the chances, I arrived at the conclusion that the best thing I could do was to take time to erect a TRAP-HUT of the strongest description on the top of a certain hill he much frequented. It was to the right of the *canon*, where he housed (if I may use the term), and about one and a half miles from my camp. These facts settled upon, I got ready for my winter's entertainment—for this is what I expected I might consider the leisurely capture of this huge bear.

My partner Saxey went home to see his friends, and I was left alone with the two Indian boys for the winter. They and I, therefore, commenced our allotted task. We ascended the hill alluded to, near the summit of the Sierra Nevada, and for ten days we were all engaged, as well as the pair of mules, in constructing the trap. To give you some idea of the character of this bear-trap, let me describe its formation. First, we dug two parallel ditches, about six feet apart, and placed in each a vast pine log, 14 feet in length. Then we attached to these logs cross-timbers, fully a foot in diameter. These we firmly pinned down to the bed-timbers. This gave us a strong foundation. Next we erected side-timbers, twelve feet long, and placed cross-timbers on the ends to lock them together like a log-house. We secured the front portion of the whole by fastening it on one

side to a heavy tree, and on the other side to a great timber, resembling the trunk of a tree, which we had well driven into the ground. This trap we reared to the height of six feet, when we covered it with cross-timbers one foot in thickness through. String-pieces were then made to cross them all, and were fastened down. After this hut or trap was completed, we split logs in two, and turning the smooth side inward, produced a very good and strong door. Hoisting this door up, we suspended it very delicately to a long lever, from the end of which we rigged a trigger, which terminated inside the trap. On the end of this trigger the bait was to be attached, so that when the bear should undertake to eat the bait in the hut, the door would suddenly fall, and make him a close prisoner.

As bears are very acute and suspicious animals, we were compelled, after the trap was finished, to clean it all out. We removed all the chips, and in their place threw dirt and leaves. After tramping this down we threw in more dirt and more leaves. Finally, we baited the trigger with freshly-killed deer, and watched the result.

For four months all our watching was of no avail. We soon saw the bear, and he, certainly was a gigantic creature. It made my heart beat with enthusiasm when I looked at him. But should I succeed in catching him? It seemed doubtful; for he was astonishingly wary. He would go to the door of the trap, and he would snuff the bait and look in, but not a step would he go across the threshold. As I had to kill more deer and renew the fresh bait every four days, the task was a wearisome one. Then I used to drag the dead body of the deer, etc., for bait, up and down the hill, and over the door of the trap, as a decoy. Besides this, as bears are very fond of sugar, I got some and strewed it on the ground, near the bait. In this way I must have wasted upwards of fifteen deer, in addition to jackals, rabbits, and other game, all to no purpose.

Things went on in this way until the latter part of

February. I had been close enough to shoot the bear at least fifty times; but I desired to possess him alive. Something always seemed to say, "you'll entrap him yet." I had almost given up every hope, however, of attaining my wish, when, one bitter cold night, having retired to camp and gone to sleep, I was awaked by a terrific noise. Thoroughly alarmed, I arose and rushed to the door of my cabin and listened. It was the voice of the bear! Though a mile and a half distant, that tremendous roar, I was certain, proceeded from some powerful animal in the trap, and that animal was, I felt a secret consciousness, the one I had so long sought to get into my toils. The woods fairly rang with his onterry. My cabin was down under the hill, and the echo of it there resembled the reverberations of a discharged cannon. "It is either *the* bear," I said to myself, "or old Nick, and I guess it's not the latter."

I quickly called up the boys, and communicated to them my impression. They were delighted with the expected sport. Gathering and lighting a number of pine knots, for torches, and taking some matches along, we all started for the trap. It was a long hill we had to climb, the weather was intensely cold, and the snow was frozen very hard. But our curiosity was so excited that we felt neither the cold nor the distance. As we approached the trap, we soon discovered that it was the great bear of which we had made a captive. He was indulging in the most frightful howls ever heard in that part of the wilderness. Arrived on the spot, we first kindled a large fire. Then, as it was absolutely necessary to subdue the temper of the beast, and make him feel man's superiority, I commenced whipping him through the logs of his trap with a long iron crow-bar, and, when he became outrageous, intimidating him with burning firebrands. Night and day I was thus compelled for eight days to fight the beast. When he was tired out and slept, I lay down and snatched some repose.

The moment he waked up I awoke, and as he began to struggle, intently, for liberty, I began to throw dirt at him, and to chastise him with firebrands and the crow-bar. Had I done otherwise he would soon have torn the trap to pieces, or gnawed his way through. While I was doing this, the boys labored industriously to supply us all, the bear included, with food and water. At last the bear surrendered at discretion, and became tolerably quiet; and when they once succumb they succumb (with occasional outbreaks) forever.

In a fever of delight at such success, I now started off for a *ranch*, owned by a Mr. Howard. There I employed a *ranchero* to go and remain with the Indian boys and hunt, until I could visit Stockton and obtain a cage sufficiently strong to hold my prisoner, should he indulge in a paroxysm of violence.

I suppose I was absent about a month altogether before I was prepared to return with a cage built to suit my notions of resistance. In the mean time I employed a teamster at Stockton, and a man named Hollister, to accompany me back to the mountains and endeavor to cage the bear and bring him down to the settlements. We all departed together, and worked our way very well, until we arrived within about fifteen miles of the trap. Then we had labor enough to dig a road for the wagon and its two yoke of oxen through the side hills, cutting down the timber that stood in our path, and making in all respects a return track over which we should be able to get the bear in his cage to Stockton.

CAGING SAMSON.

When we reached the trap, and had properly rested, the next thing was to induce the bear, by persuasion or force, to exchange the trap for the cage. So we first placed the doors of each close together, and fastened them firmly in that position. Then we hoisted both doors, and left a free communication between the two apartments. It was a cold, clear, lovely morning

when we had gotten thus far with our work, and began to drive Bruin from the trap. But he was troubled with a severe fit of obstinacy. He would not move. All that day we whipped him, and thrust firebrands at him, and used the crowbar as a lever to urge him forward; but he resisted every importunity. That night I spent on top of the cage to watch it, and drop the door should be chance to enter. My companions went down to camp. I did not sleep, for I couldn't. I lay pondering upon the best means to compel the beast to do what I wished him to. The thought finally struck me, that if I would take a certain chain I had, and could slip it over him, I might accomplish the purpose. The idea elated me as though it was an inspiration; and when the morning came, bringing the men and boys with it to my side, I told them of my design over a hearty breakfast. My plan was to let the chain down into the trap, through the openings between the logs of its roof; then to watch my opportunity to get it around the bear; then, by means of long hooks, to carry the end of the chain, little by little, through the trap, and through the open doors to the back of the cage; then to pass it through that rear, attach it to the oxen, and draw him by main force into his destined place of residence.

All approved of my novel artifice, and the chain was soon forthcoming; and the whole of that day I spent in an effort to get the chain around the bear's body. He threw it off with his paws as frequently as I could throw it over him. Then he grew savage, and would leap at us, and was terrifically trying to tear everything to pieces. But we kept on with our experiments; and about 4 P. M. I caught one of his legs in the loop of the chain and drew him tight. Then I had him beyond a doubt. With the hooks we carefully passed the chain through the trap, through the doors, through the cage, and out of the end of the latter. Attaching the chain to them, the teamster started the oxen, while I started the bear. But Bruin held back

all he was able, and braced himself, when moved that far, against the doors. I began to fear the thing could not be accomplished at all ; but, by using firebrands to frighten him in the trap, he at length yielded to the persuasive powers of the oxen, and was dragged in. I dropped the door on him, when we all gave three hearty cheers for our victory.

I had to be four days, after this, beside the cage, before we dare venture upon an attempt to place it upon the wagon, he was so fierce and so dangerously desperate in his indignation at such treatment. Nothing but his constant discipline with the crow-bar and the firebrands prevented him from tearing the cage all to pieces. When we had subdued him once more, we took the axle-trees off the wagon, and set the vehicle upon the ground. The cage was then moved upon it ; the wagon was elevated ; the axle-trees were replaced ; we were prepared to travel. The whole of us then left for Correll Hollow, where I had other wild animals confined. We moved along very slowly, but after a 'thirty days' passage, safely arrived. On footing up my expenses, I found that the five dollars a day for a teamster, and five dollars a day for the oxen, the cost of the cage, and all the other *etceteras*, had left me minus just five hundred gold dollars. But I christened the bear SAMSON, on account of his great strength ; and as he was really a monster and a curiosity, even there where large and powerful bears are numerous, I was well satisfied with my bargain. Samson is also a part of the present collection.

This closes the first part of my adventures with these animals. The second is in preparation, and when complete, will furnish a truthful detail of all that is interesting in the capture of the animals in question, including the bears and the GREAT SEA LION, as well as of their voyage here from California around Cape Horn.

THE BUFFALO-HUNT—CATCHING THE BUFFALO CALVES, AND
HOW TO DO IT.

WHILE I remained among the Rocky Mountains, I neglected, of course, no opportunity to hunt, for a hunter's life has always been my delight, and I know of nothing so exciting, to my taste, as the pursuit of wild animals, and the varied adventures that accompany an ardent and enterprising spirit engaged in such pastime. But, I especially enjoyed the buffalo-hunt on the occasion referred to, and was successful in killing a great number. Hunting the buffalo is a very different thing from hunting the bear. It is usually done in large companies; and the first movement is to effect a "surround." Some eight or ten hunters, or perhaps a dozen or fifteen, assemble for the purpose at an appointed place. Having fully prepared themselves in every respect, and being mounted upon the best animals that circumstances will allow, they carefully ascertain where the buffaloes are to be found. As the buffaloes are anything but solitude-loving creatures, they always go in herds to keep each other in company.

Perhaps it is timidity—perhaps it is inclination, that thus instinctively leads them to move about in masses; but, in either case, it renders it easy enough to discover their whereabouts, and makes the hunt much more profitable as well as interesting. As soon as the hunters learn the exact situation of the unsuspecting game, they form a large circle around them, if possible, and narrow it by degrees until the buffaloes are hemmed in. If the inequalities of the ground make this feat impracticable, they commence at a distance, and, gradually closing in, drive the buffaloes before them into some narrow valley, or some defile from which there is but one mode of exit, and this preliminary is called a "surround." Sometimes a "surround" is attempted on foot, but it is much more

tedious as well as dangerous. The buffaloes are likely to escape when pursued, and the hunter, without a horse or mule, is too tired to keep up the pursuit, and incapable of doing it, if not exhausted, with an expedition that must always insure success.

Besides this, when a herd of buffaloes discovers, to its amazement that, in moving away from every horseman it has observed, and in huddling, closing together for mutual protection, it has placed itself in a position from which there is but one means of escape, its course is very decided. Its first astonishment changes to alarm; this alarm soon gives way to fright; the fright quickly produces a panic, and then comes a general *stampede*. The whole herd makes a blind and desperate dash for the only opening. Then, Stand out of the way! is the word. The animals hesitate at nothing, and suffer no obstacle to arrest them. Death or liberty! is what it always seemed to me must be their cry at such a time; and in their rush to secure liberty they run over anything in their route. They will endeavor to pass directly over men and horses, if in their path; and, sometimes, in their headlong flight, they run madly against a tree, instead of around it; and with such force as to dash out their brains!

One morning I tried to get together about fifteen or twenty hunters, some of them Indians and some of them white men, in order to make one of those "surrounds." I was only able to collect half-a-dozen white men, however, and so employed five Indians to aid in making up an effective party. We pretty soon surrounded a herd of between two and three hundred buffaloes. This was an inspiring fact, and we were in high glee at our good fortune as, little by little, we urged the immense mass before us into a great ravine shut in on all sides but one by steep declivities, precipitous hills, and other obstructions to flight. The buffaloes never began to realize their danger until the bullets began to fly amongst them. That was a sys-

tem of instruction for which they were wholly unprepared, and not being able to remonstrate with us in a satisfactory manner, they first gazed stupidly at us, and then at their falling companions. The next instant they made a rush, and we got out of the way of the flying multitude with no little celerity. Every rifle present bestowed its hearty benediction on the animals as they so unceremoniously departed, and the benediction, you may depend upon it, brought many a buffalo, unwittingly, to his knees. We killed about twenty-five buffaloes before the panic overcame them which rendered them so uneasy under our polite attentions; and as they hurriedly left the scene we killed a number more; so that we accumulated a great body of meat which it was our purpose to convey to the proper stations to sell to the overland emigrants to California.

All the remainder of that day and the whole of the next, we were engaged in skinning the buffaloes, cutting up the meat and fitting it for market. We were about fifteen miles distant from the nearest trading post on an emigrant trail, and each hunter, after fairly dividing the proceeds of the "surround," had a goodly lot to sell, as his individual share. The Indians, with the exception of my two boys, had been hired to assist in the sport. They were paid off, therefore, and permitted to retire. Saxey and I took our shares together. We took my pack-bear, Lady Washington, and we loaded her down with meat. Then we loaded down the two mules. This accomplished, away we started for a market. On all such occasions I made Lady Washington quite as useful as if she were a small mule. I had taught her to carry a saddle, and to go along very well with a load upon her back. For a short distance she would carry about three hundred weight with ease, and do it safely. I would sometimes mount into the saddle, and ride her, myself, like a horse, merely to accustom her to such a novelty.

But, of course, I never expected to employ her in that manner except in an emergency.

We made a handsome sale of our buffalo meat, for it happened to be in considerable demand when we arrived at the emigrant trail. This kind of meat is much esteemed, and usually brings about twenty-five cents a pound. Sometimes, where it is very abundant, however, it will fall in price to as low a point as one-half that sum. It is as excellent food as any kind of beef whatever. When the buffalo is killed fat, and running wild on the plains, nothing could be more tender and delicious than the choice cuts. It is a somewhat coarser meat than beef, but is very nice eating, and hence is bought up with great avidity.

In the buffalo-hunt I have described, one of my endeavors was to secure alive, if I could, some young buffalo calves. After much exertion we were fortunate enough to capture five. They were probably as large as ordinary veal calves are when two or three weeks old. The little things could run with facility, and they put their running tackle into first rate motion. I have no doubt they astonished themselves in making such good time over so poor a course, with so little opportunity for practice in advance, or preparation. But, we understood the lasso very well, and they are not as cunning as young bears. Consequently, when we threw the lasso over their necks, they were not capable of thrusting it off, and they soon had to succumb under the awkward circumstance. As six men had to divide the five calves amongst them, Saxey and I were awarded two ; the other three were shared among the rest of the hunters. The buffalo now in my menagerie was one of these two calves, and has grown up into ponderous proportions. He little looks as if I had been compelled to play the wet-nurse to his infancy ; and, as milk was not to be had out there, to feed him on a mixture of sugar, flour, and water ! The other buffalo calf I also raised, and undertook to bring

him out and introduce him to New York society. But he took ill, and died in the passage around Cape Horn, and the fishes, for once, had a novel banquet when we threw his lifeless carcass overboard.

I had a variety of buffalo-hunts while on the Rocky Mountains, for sport of that kind is an admirable mixture of the agreeable and remunerative ; but there is a monotonous sameness in all such expeditions. One buffalo-hunt is almost exactly like another, differing only in some of its unimportant details. Sometimes you surround a greater number of animals, and sometimes less ; but the general features of the enterprise remain the same. I have heard other hunters say, and I have heard Indians say, that they have killed as many as a hundred buffaloes in one surround ; but I never witnessed such a surprising slaughter.

THE SALT LAKE SCREECHING BEAR—THE WAY HE WAS CAPTURED—A PEEP AT BRIGHAM YOUNG.

On returning from the Rocky Mountains, I passed through Utah Territory, since so celebrated as the scene of difficulty between the United States Government and the Mormons. While in the vicinity, I concluded to call in at Great Salt Lake City. I did so, and remained in that curious place for three or four days. I was not permitted to see any of the houses full of women or wives said to be in possession of the leading Latter Day Saints. I suppose they kept this part of their jewelry carefully out of the sight of the Gentiles, lest they might be tempted to yearn for a share of it. I heard Brigham Young preach one day, however, and I only mention it because the circumstance gave color to another incident which I shall mention by-and-by. I went to the castle, or the temple, as they called it, to listen to Young. He was a great, fat, pursy individual—just such a worthy person as an alderman is always described to me—a sort of human compound of fish, flesh, fowl, and other good things generally. He

seemed to know a good deal, and care a good deal about heaven ; but it was the heaven which he represented in himself. He was heaven all over, he seemed to intimate, and all who wanted to go to heaven had only to go to him. He spoke as if he and his Maker were on very intimate terms indeed, and had no secrets from each other ; and he threatened all who did not yield him complete obedience with the vengeance of the Deity, just as if he had it under lock and key, and could dispose of it, by special license, to suit his own purposes. I never heard so much blasphemous bombast in my life before, and I am sure I shall never want to hear anything like it again.

It was while I was in Utah, that, rambling around with my rifle, killing wild animals and game, as usual, that I took a fancy to possess myself of one of the famous Salt Lake screeching bears. They are so called because they have a singular cry that resembles very closely a screech. This notion once in my mind, I found it impossible to rest until I had gratified it ; and, luckily, I ran afoul, a short time after, of the very animal of which I was in search. It was a small one, and I inferred that I should have little difficulty in taking him alive, as I had no wish to shoot him. I was provided with a lasso, and, procuring the proper kind of a pony for the adventure, I sallied after him. The bear ran well. He was not so swift as Flora Temple, it may be, and, no doubt, the horse Patchen would distance him on a trot ; but he gave my pony a smart race, and he thoroughly understood the art of casting a noose off his nose, no matter how scientifically you threw it around his neck, as you would around a lady's a string of pearls. But bears cannot run forever. They must have rest. My pony was made of good stuff, and after a pursuit, therefore, of several miles, pony-flesh showed its superior muscle to some advantage. Little Master Bruin got too much fatigued to play his part with activity, and I got the lasso hitched,

at length, around his body. A sudden pull-up, then, made him perform an unexpected somerset, while the tightening rope troubled him with a shortness of breath. To these persuasive circumstances he finally felt it a solemn duty to yield ; and, leaping from my pony, when I reached his side, I

“ Nimble whipped my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws,”

that is, I placed a *hacamore* (or small lasso) on his mouth to keep him from abusing me with his tongue or his teeth, and embellished each pair of his trotters with an ornament of the same kind. He was a very pretty-looking article in that ornamental condition, and I had no distrust as to the quality of his vocal abilities. In fact, I was proud of my achievement in capturing him, and felt as though I had the pride of Salt Lake tied to my saddle-end. For I soon got a large skin, laid the young rascal on it, and dragged him to camp behind my pony, like a conqueror conveying his trophies to the public square for admiration. Notwithstanding the interdict I had put on his mouth, though, he contrived to yell and screech with wonderful energy and tirelessness; and he did it so satisfactorily to himself, that he put me in mind of Brigham Young's exhortations. This suggested a name, and I christened him, on the spot, after the Mormon prophet.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

I continued hunting in the region I have just described until I came to Platte river. I had killed, in the mountains, a number of Rocky Mountain sheep; but now, having got a screeching bear alive, I felt a desire to enrich my wild collection with a living specimen of these sheep. I was alone with the two Indian boys at this time. Saxey and I divided all our profits when we were in Salt Lake city, and each taking his share, Saxey departed one road, and I and my com-

panions another. I had to depend pretty much altogether on my own skill, therefore, to catch a Rocky Mountain sheep. This fact gave me no uneasiness, however, for I had great confidence in my resources, and, as soon as I encountered a flock of these animals, I made up my mind that a couple of them were to be mine. The flock was not a large one, but I routed it out of the brush where it was concealed, on the banks of the Platte. When I had it started, I managed to drive it from its shelter to the open plains. In the brush it had the mastery of me; but, once on the plains, the flock was at my mercy. My pony proved himself smart as steel. I selected two or three likely sheep for particular pursuit, and was not long in running them down. A very few miles hurried travel, with a horse at his heels, exhausts one of these animals, and leaves him an easy victim. The others all scattered and escaped, but, with the aid of the young Indians, I lassoed two. They were both lambs. The mother I did my best to catch, merely that she might keep her children company, but I could not overcome her objections. I could not "rope her in." She had an aversion, I suppose, to me, personally; or else—which was very natural—her sheepishness would not permit her to think that she could feel at ease in my society.

Both of these lambs were bucks, and after I conveyed them to camp I spared no efforts to rear them for public exhibition. They grew very well, too, and flourished promisingly. I was greatly pleased with their appearance and prospects, and expected to have them here, in this collection for Atlantic observation. But fate was against me. I kept them amongst my other beasts, until I had an opportunity to transport all down to San Francisco. There I placed both of these sheep in my museum of California curiosities. One ultimately died of some disorder, and the other was killed by accident. I had gone to dinner one day

in a hurry, leaving my assistant to look after the animals in my absence. Somehow or other the sheep got loose, and approaching the bear I call Ben Franklin, they began to play together, as I often permitted them to do. Ben had not had a romp with his playmate for some days, and was, consequently, overjoyed to see him. In fact, he was so delighted that he *hugged the sheep to death*. He actually killed him with kindness; for he did it in no feeling of mischief or malice—it was sheer heedlessness. The attendant saw, when it was too late, the catastrophe. He had not the courage to interfere with Ben Franklin at any rate; for, even in his amusements, Ben is very independent; and though he will permit me to do very much as I please with him, wo to anybody else who may attempt to take the same liberty.

Ben Franklin, I think, regretted very deeply the catastrophe of which his over-affection had been the cause; for when I returned the sheep was dead, and Ben was sitting beside it wailing as though he had lost another mother. His grief was excessive, and for a time he was inconsolable. It was a serious loss to me, and I was both vexed and sorrowful. It was then impossible to get another, and thus the proceeds of my care and toil were thrown away, and my hopes in this respect frustrated, by Ben's foolish indiscretion. But Ben Franklin seemed to suffer so much remorse that I could not find it in my heart to punish him, so I contented myself with preserving the head of one Rocky Mountain sheep, and the horns of the other. One pair of horns alone weigh upwards of forty pounds, and a great curiosity in my menagerie.

HUNTING A CALIFORNIA LION.

There are no lions, properly speaking, in this country. That animal belongs to a warmer climate than we possess, except in regions where civilization is not likely to give a wild beast much of an opportunity

to air his independence. What we call the California lion, for want of a better title, you may see, alive, in my collection ; and it is of the capture of such that I am about to speak in this connection.

The adventure took place in the great valley of the Sierra Nevada, near Terlinnes' Pass, in the southern part of California. I chanced to notice one day the trail of a lion. I traced it up until I was convinced I had found the creature's den. When I had gotten all the animal's tracks and distances properly arranged in my mind, I commenced to build traps for his accommodation. I stopped at no labor and no expense in my anxiety to produce the most inviting quarters. I dug a pitfall, African fashion, in the bed of a deep ravine, and baited it so nicely that it seemed like a positive insult on a lion's part not to tumble into it, merely to oblige me. I built another trap in the shape of the log-hut I put up for the great black bear, Samson, fully described in an earlier part of this pamphlet ; but I constructed it of lighter materials, and set it on the side of a hill. I placed the third trap on the pinnacle of the hill, and made it with two doors, so that the lion could enter at either end, closing both doors on himself at the same moment, when he began to nibble the bait, leaving him at liberty to dine without the slightest outside interruption. But all my little attentions were thrown away. There was no sign whatever of a reciprocity of sociability. The lion kept on his reserve ; he stood on his dignity. I smeared the trails with fresh blood ; I baited the traps with fresh meat for five or six weeks without intermission. Sometimes I tempted the fellow's nose with dead rabbits ; sometimes I tickled his epicurean palate with wounded deer, which I left him the privilege of quite killing to suit his own notions of slaughtering ; but it was time, patience, labor, anticipation—all expended in vain !

Between watching the traps and hunting for food,

the time rapidly passed away, and I began to despair. In this condition I wandered one morning towards the double-doored trap, and to my surprise I found one door closed! The lion had been in, and devoured the bait; but instead of both doors closing upon him and barring his exit, one of them stuck fast, and he escaped, leaving no probability, after such a fright, of his return. Since the lion would not come to me, I now determined to go to the lion. I determined to enter the den, shoot him, or her (perhaps both), and console myself by looking for cubs.

I had at this juncture a companion with me, named Brown, and also the two Indian boys. It was the habit of the latter to remain at camp, and as fast as Brown and I brought the meat in, to cut it up, pack it away, hang it up to dry, and get it otherwise ready for consumption, or for a market. The dried meat we commonly kept as food for our animals. The fresh sold better, and was more palatable for our own service.

I forget how long we watched the lion's den before we determined to enter it. But it became tolerably clear that it contained a litter of young ones, and it required considerable temerity to "beard the lion in his den," or rather *her* den, with her maternal all aroused, and her well-known disposition to battle with any foe most ferociously.

"Brown," said I, "we must have those young lions. It would be a burning shame, now, to go away without them."

"Ask their mother," he replied with a laugh, "to lend them to you for a little while."

"Very good," said I, with a wink, "here's my card. Tell her to take it to her bosom, and she will never fear as to the care I shall take of her children;" and I handed him my bowie-knife.

"Thank you!" he laughed; "but when I visit the

king of the beasts I want to take a *reporter* with me," and he tapped his rifle significantly.

Jesting in this manner, we managed our plan, and made the necessary preparations to explore the den and see its contents. We manufactured a pile of torches to give us light on the dark subject, for the lion had chosen a deep cave for her lair, and it was hard to conjecture how far it penetrated the earth, or how dangerously, for an invader, it might be constructed. We sharpened our knives, examined our rifles, supplied ourselves with ammunition, screwed up our courage to the "sticking place," and departed.

It was on a Saturday morning that we commenced this adventure, with a view to kill the old lion if she would not come out, and to obtain possession of her cubs dead or alive—for, once in the cave, we had to be guided by circumstances, and whether we killed or got killed in that subterranean encounter, was a matter for the future to tell us, we could not.

The lion's den had its opening on the side of a steep hill, which wearied us, loaded as we were with arms, &c., to climb, and it was completely covered in and concealed by a thick growth of chaparral. The idea struck us that there might possibly be another entrance; but, after scrutinizing the spot well, we gave that up as unlikely. Before we entered the cave, not being able to ascertain whether the old lion was in or out, we judged it wiser to take measures, if she were out, from creeping in at our heels, and troubling us with an awkward enemy in the rear. We were ready to face an adversary in front, but we did not care to have one block up our only mode of retreat. We desired to keep that open at any rate.

With this view we built a large fire at the mouth of the cave, to keep off intruders. Taking each of us a lighted torch in our left hand, looking well to our pistols, with our knives in our right hands, we entered the cave. Our dogs followed just behind us. It was

a very dark and winding road, a species, it seemed to me, of regular zigzag. We had to grope our way, creeping along the floor of the den very slowly and cautiously, pausing at every few paces to examine the profound gloom with our lifted torches, and listen attentively to every sound. It was a scene by no means calculated to inspire courage, and our hearts beat violently with emotion. I felt once or twice as if I would much rather be outside in the quiet daylight, and I knew by Brown's countenance that he felt the same. But it was no time to indulge in apprehensions, and we moved slowly on.

In this manner we proceeded several rods without discerning anything, and I began to fancy we should only have our trouble for our pains, when, all at once, I felt a gentle current of air blowing on my face from a novel direction. It struck me forcibly, then, that the den must have a second entrance, and that we were approaching it. We examined, carefully, with our torches, every spot as we crept along, but nothing met our sight to gratify our curiosity. In an instant I started—for a low growl had caught my ear! The next moment the loud snort of the enraged lion reverberated throughout the cavern! "Brown," I whispered to my companion, for I was a little in advance, "call up the dogs. Here are the beasts, sure enough, and right in front of us. We are in a delightful fix. We can't retreat without leaving that indignant animal to make a meal of us in the operation. We can't advance without first making a meal of her for whoever loves that kind of provender. Prepare, old boy, to fight or die!" Brown's voice quivered a little as he nervously grasped his rifle a little harder, and replied:

"What do you advise us to do?"

"Have my courage," I answered; "for the infernal thing will never come at us while our torches burn as brightly as they do, and that is some comfort. As for the rest of the story, I'll guarantee the silence of one

critter the moment I can see its eyes. The other you can take care of, surely."

We continued, therefore, to creep slowly on, the lion's roars increasing in loudness and fierceness as we proceeded. At a distance I saw a fearful pair of eyes glisten in the darkness, and without waiting for a closer introduction, I lifted my rifle and took aim. I involuntarily called to my dog at the same moment, and she, impetuous as myself, pitched into the combat. My rifle dropped, as I had no wish to shoot my canine companion, and I grasped my knife. The lion caught the dog, like a flash, and had her down on the earth. Now was the time for me. I darted forward and seized the lion by the tail. The next thing I passed the tail into my left hand, which also held the torch, and with my right plunged my knife rapidly into her body. With a yell of pain she dropped the dog, and turning towards me beheld the blazing torch. She then rushed for the outer air, dragging me violently after her, for I still held on to her rear embellishment. I soon discovered that my suspicion of another outlet was not without foundation. Just as the lion reached the mouth of the cave, Brown, whom I directed to fire at her, obtained a good sight, discharged a pistol at her, and dropped her instantly. He acted like a brave fellow, and with such coolness in the critical moment that his ball went directly through her heart, and she never moved a muscle afterwards!

So much for the lion-mother! But were there really any cubs? We had seen none. And where was the lion-father? Suppose he should enter by this newly-discovered opening while we were seeking to carry off his family? No matter; our first duty was to examine the premises; and we did. The second entrance was reached by a winding gallery about fifteen yards in extent, and after passing through it into the open air, we prepared more torches, to enable us to investigate the nature and contents of the cavern with

more minuteness. Re-armed at all points, with torches well alight, we entered this time by the orifice last discovered. We had made only one or two turns, groping our way along, when I laid my hand on the lion's nest, and in it were five little kittens! You may fancy that I was overjoyed at my success. Pulling off my buckskin coat, I wrapped the tiny creatures warmly up in it, and then slung them upon my back. This done, we recommenced our explorations. Brown, however, was anxious to hurry through. He had a strong suspicion that the male lion was not far off, and he was unwilling, as we wanted neither his hide nor his flesh, to invite an engagement. I tried to persuade him out of his apprehension.

"Never fear," said I, "let him come. We are a match, my boy, for any pair of lions in California, and particularly in a place like this."

However, I concluded to humor him, and, after taking a slight view of the place, we retired. It seemed to be a hiding place for wild beasts, and fitted up rather conveniently by nature. I judged that lions, bears, wolves, &c., all had nests there in turn, and as the two entrances, though not so far apart, were well hidden. No spot could be more appropriate.

ANOTHER LION CAPTURE—POISONING BY WHOLESALE—THRILLING ESCAPE FROM DEATH!

I lay for some time in Correll Hollow (as I think it is called), baiting traps for wild beasts, and especially watching one that I had baited for another California lion. It was a capital trap, and I felt pretty certain of enticing my victim, after a while, to step in and try the feast I had prepared for him, though he might be too wary to accept an invitation at first. He was modest, perhaps, I thought, and was indisposed to thrust himself into the larder, however tempting, of a hospitable stranger. One morning, about sunrise, as I was going off to put some fresh

bait on the trigger of my trap, a rough-looking man passed by, and paused to look at my camp arrangements. I entered into conversation with him, and discovered that he was going down to Livermore's Ranch, which was about twelve or fourteen miles distant. He had been hired by Livermore to work for a time. The fellow talked very fluently about hunting and trapping, and in the course of conversation I told him that I had baited a trap, and that it was on the road he was going. I described it, and he said he would give it a look as he passed on. As he had not eaten that morning, I insisted on his coming in and taking breakfast with me. He consented, ate a hearty meal, and shaking my hand departed on his road.

After breakfast, I concluded to go and help a neighbor, who was short of hands, to load hay. After that I straddled one of my mules and rode down towards the trap. When I got within one or two hundred yards of it, I caught a glimpse of a lion bounding away. I hurried up my steed, took a careless aim, and fired my rifle at him. But I was too hasty to wait for a sure shot, and, as he was running, a nervous aim was of no service; he escaped. I hastened to the trap, and saw that the door was sprung. There must be something, therefore, I knew, inside. Dismounting from my mule, the next thing that attracted my attention was a dead lion lying in front of the trap! I could distinguish nothing within but blood. It was very apparent to me, too, that the lion had been killed by a shot while inside of the trap, and that his carcass had been afterwards dragged out. I made up my mind immediately that nobody could have done this dastardly thing except the ungrateful wretch upon whom I had just bestowed a breakfast. But why should he requite my kindness so ungraciously? I could not imagine. And, on examining more carefully, I found that he had not only sacrificed the lion,

which, after such patient baiting for, I had entrapped, but he had, as if to insult me still more grossly, cut off and carried away the animal's tail, as a trophy of his wonderful victory !

I shouldn't like to say how angry I felt. My blood fairly boiled with indignation. I thought of nothing but revenge, and could I have caught the miscreant at that moment, I would have slaughtered him on the spot. As it was, I could not contain myself. I was dying to whip something or somebody in order to get rid of the fever of excitement under which I labored. I mounted my mule again, and off I started for Livermore's Ranch, trusting that I might overtake him on the road. But I passed him on the way without perceiving him. Suspecting that I would pursue him, he concealed himself when he heard the sound of the mule's feet at a distance, and did it so effectually that I was unable to ferret him out. It was a very fortunate thing for him, for I should undoubtedly have given him occasion to remember me all the rest of his life ; and had I then known all that I learned a day or two afterwards, I never should have returned to camp without placing him beyond the power of doing further mischief. As it was, when I arrived at the ranch, he had not, and he prudently avoided me as I returned. Indeed, I discovered afterwards that when he reached the ranch, and learned a little of my history, he concluded that it was a very unhealthy thing to remain. He started across the country, and was never heard of again. Nobody, I suspect, regretted his absence less than myself.

But, the worst part of this wretch's conduct I have yet to narrate. When I returned to the trap, I took up the carcass of the lion and carried him home to my camp. I found a neighbor, named Scaff, waiting for me when I arrived.

"Helloa !" he exclaimed ; "you have got a fine-

looking lion there ; why, you've been very lucky to-day."

"Yes," I returned, "he *was* a fine-looking animal, and I had him alive ; but, some scoundrel has shot him in my trap, hauled him out, and cut off his tail, to show how coolly he killed a raging lion in the wilderness."

"What a pity it is," exclaimed Scaff, "for I see it is a female."

"Yes," was my response, "and the absence of the tail renders it impossible to stuff the hide for exhibition."

"Why, do you know," observed he, "that a California lion is very good eating?"

I did *not* know it, and I said so. I remembered hearing such a statement once before, but fancied it was only a traveler's story, and entitled to no credit.

"Now, I'll show you," added Scaff ; "do you get wood and water, while I dress and cook him. I think I can make out of him what you'll admit is an excellent dinner."

I brought in the fuel, and supplied the water. He first turned butcher, and then cook. It took him some time to do it to his taste, but at length he succeeded, and, when the broil was over, we sat down and ate one of the heartiest meals of which I had partaken for some time. The meat was very good indeed. No venison, that I had ever tasted, was superior to it. I was exceedingly hungry, however, and that fact may have influenced my judgment, somewhat, on that question.

After Scaff went home, I visited all my traps, and saw that they were in good order. I then fed all my beasts—I saw that their little wants were attended to. By this time, feeling a slight headache, I wrapped myself up in a blanket, threw myself on the bed, and tried to go to sleep. In an hour or so, I discovered that I was really very ill. My head throbbed violently,

and ached as if it would distract me. My veins seemed all on fire, and the blood appeared to be making a desperate effort to burst from its channels. My stomach was sick unto death, almost, and I vomited extravagantly and continually. I was afraid that my time was come. I did not believe that I should live until morning. I was in great anguish. All night I rolled and tossed about in my agony, only pausing, at intervals, to throw up what I had eaten.

At the first dawn of light, Scaff's man came to camp to inquire how I was, and to inform us that Scaff was still more ill than myself. They had all come to the conclusion that the lion-meat we had dined upon had been poisoned. It appears that the fellow who had breakfasted with me had been to Scaff's that morning, and exhibited some poison with which he said he meditated the killing of *cayotés*—a small animal destructive to sheep, fowls, &c. Scaff felt confident that, in cutting off the tail of the lion, the wretch had inserted strychnine in the bleeding wound. The animal's system had completely imbibed the poison, and, as we had feasted plentifully on the poisoned meat, the only wonder was, that we were alive that morning to "give in our experience."

Scaff has never gotten over the poisoning to this day, although it occurred five or six years ago. My vomiting so freely rescued me. When I got well, I learned that the miscreant had told the whole story down at Livermore's Ranch. He stated, however, that he had dragged the lion out and had poisoned it, in the hope that some other wild beast would eat it and die. But he took precious care to go out of my way and keep out of it. I am not very vindictive; but it makes my fingers tingle yet, whenever I think of the treacherous wretch. I watched for him long and well, but he never by any chance came round. If he had, I—well, I think I should have made him wear spec-

tacles ; I think I (excuse my feeling), but I think I should have licked him blind.

ADVENTURES AFTER RED BEARS—PARCHING IN THE DESERT—
HOW TO PUT OLD MOCCASINS TO NEW USES.

While I was in Correll Hollow, the Kern River gold fever broke out. I was among the first to catch the contagion. I could not remain quiet, and hence prepared to pack up and wend my way to the new *Dorado*. I fell into company with another person just as enthusiastic as myself, whose name was Carroll, and we resolved to proceed to the gold diggings together. I harnessed up the two mules, and attached them to the old wagon. Pack-saddles were placed on the backs of the two bears, Ben Franklin and Lady Washington, and away we started. We did not go far, however, before we had to stop in order to soak the wheels of the wagon, to keep them from going to pieces. Finally we got well under way, full of hope, and confident of returning, before long, with as much gold as our animals and ourselves could carry. The distance we had to go was about 275 miles ; but it seemed like a step to our exhilarated minds, and our sanguine natures turned the old mule team and the pack-horses, as well as Carroll's horse (for he alone rode one, of all the party), into as grand a cavalcade as any which accompany an Oriental princess in the tales of enchantment told in the Arabian Nights.

We advanced very leisurely for five or six days, killing game of all kinds on the route, until, at length, we approached a tract of sandy desert, said to be thirty miles in extent, beyond which lay a lake of crystal water. This lake it was our object to reach before night, so as to encamp, with the animals, on its banks ; we therefore started at an unusually early hour in the morning. But adverse fortune awaited us. The crazy wagon wheels found it difficult to run over the sandy surface, and they indulged in a piercing shriek at

every roll, and gave way with a deliberate groan at very short intervals. It was the middle of the day, therefore, before we reached the middle of the desert, and our hopes and our animals, ourselves, our wagon and our water, were quite exhausted.

We had to pause and rest, in that dreary, burning, oven-like solitude. The sun was intensely hot. The baked sand beneath our feet seemed like a floor composed of minute particles of living coal from a furnace. The poor beasts were parched with thirst as well as myself, were foot-sore, worn out, and completely languid, as Carroll was in the saddle, and I driving the mules. I started him off ahead to look for water. We had not a drop left, and I was afraid the dumb brutes would perish in the scorching sun for want of it. My companion pushed on, and I endeavored to work along quietly, as well as I could. But, the bears began to give out. Their strength was rapidly failing, and their feet were blistering in the hot sand to a pitiable extent. I became somewhat alarmed. What to do I could not imagine. I saw that prompt action was necessary, or else our corpses would alone be found by Carroll on his return. But where could we enjoy shade or shelter? Where could we get a mouthful of moisture to escape the fever and delirium of unsatisfied thirst? The mules endured their share of the misery pretty well; but the poor bears walked along, lolling their tongues in mute supplication for drink, and at last lay down together and refused to get up.

I did not wonder at the conduct of the animals, for really the heat was so great, that I thought, at one time, my brains were going to boil. I was compelled at last to crawl under the wagon to think of what I should do. I came to the conclusion that the bears would die, at any rate, if I attempted to proceed, and I hoped that, by humoring them a little, I could keep them in a state of rest till Carroll returned with water. So I laid the bears carefully under the wagon,

arranged a kind of awning on one side, made out of brush, to keep off the fiery sunbeams, and crept beneath the shade myself to enjoy their company. In this manner we suffered until about four o'clock, P. M., and I actually felt a conviction creeping over me that I was to die of thirst, and also witness the death-agony of the helpless brutes in my care, in the same state of intolerable privation. But Carroll came, and he brought some water! Never was visitor more heartily welcome. The cooling draught revived all our spirits, and when I learned that we had succeeded in overcoming fully twenty-six miles of desert, and had only four more to go in order to reach the lake, I was in ecstasies. But the feet of the bears were so horribly blistered, that it was impossible for them to travel. In fact their feet presented a shocking sight. I waited, therefore, until sunset, before I made a motion to go, and, in the mean time, I took some rough buckskin, lined it with tanned or soft buckskin, and after a fashion completed moccasins out of it for the bears' feet. These I put on them, securing them tightly round the ankle, when, to my great satisfaction, the bears stood up and were prepared to go. After the sun had gone down, and the atmosphere had cooled, comparatively, down, we all jogged on once more, and a tedious night journey brought us, at length, to the margin of the long-sighed-for stream.

We couldn't persuade ourselves to leave the lake for three or four days, it presented such a delightful contrast to the arid tract we had painfully traversed to reach it. But, having made regular boots out of elk skin for the bears to travel in, I thought I was well prepared, and we undertook the remainder of our journey. This occupied us seven or eight days more; but, we took it leisurely, and the route was not an uncommonly hard one. Nothing occurred, therefore, to subject us to further tribulation.

Like all the other gold stories, we discovered the

Kern River gold statement to be pretty much a humbug. Whether these stories are originally gotten up in a good or bad spirit, they are generally exaggerated as they travel from mouth to mouth until they become little better than impositions. Thus, after digging for eight days, Carroll and I found no more gold than I could put in my eye. We had been the victims of a fraud—a delusion. We could not afford to waste our time in such an idle pursuit as seeking for gold where gold was not ; so our resolution was quickly taken. We turned our backs on the diggings and devoted our attention to hunting. This kind of labor was *no* humbug. The miners wanted fresh meat, and were willing to pay well for it. We were very successful in killing and capturing game, and ready to dispose of it. In this manner Carroll and I soon gathered up about seventy-five dollars each, when we talked of returning home.

Before we left for camp we determined on having one more hunt for red bears, of which I had killed several, but had been able to capture none alive. I believed it possible to enrich my bruin collection with one, and on a fine morning we indulged in our last hunt, in that direction, for that purpose. We soon met a large female red bear, and she had her two cubs by her side. Such a chance was not to be wasted. Carroll and I fired both together, and, oddly enough, neither ball killed her. She made for us in a great rage. I called to the dog and to Ben Franklin to attack her and keep her at bay ; and, rushing in, they had a serious tussle with her. But, while they were thus engaged, we deposited a bullet in her heart, and that closed all her performances upon this earthly stage. Her cubs looked very pretty, and were about twice the size of a common house-cat. They could run, too, like imps, and we had sport enough trying to catch them. They were faster on foot than we, and hence we were compelled, at last, to give up, in despair,

all hope of taking them by our personal activity. We went to camp and got our mules, and tried to run them down in that way, but they were too fast even for mules. Ultimately I started Ben Franklin and the dog after them. The dog soon tackled one, and held him until I had time to make him a prisoner. Ben caught the other and threw him down. I was quickly upon it with the proper fastenings ; and thus we tied up both, and returned to camp flushed with joy at our victory !

